Visits from Chelsea were eventful. Though it was the same event played differently each time, it never ceased to stick out, witnessing the futa get lodged in the doorway. Marissa had a stock of oil for that purpose alone, helping her friend get in. Once, she left her in the door and took a nap, tired of the routine, and came back to Chelsea still trapped. Such was the fate of the ‘lucky’ ones like them.

“I don’t understand why they haven’t made wider doors compulsory,” Chelsea said as she slid through with a pop, titanic breasts almost pulling her to the floor, “With Autus being a thing, you’d think they’d realise I’m not exactly a rare case anymore.”

“It’s probably too expensive. And a lot of work,” Marissa said.

“Yeah right,” Chelsea scoffed, “Sign a few papers, throw some money around, and boom! No more getting stuck in doors just because I’ve got giant knockers.”

‘Giant’ was right. Whenever she looked at Chelsea, Marissa thanked her genes for not making her that big, though she returned to cursing them not long after. She went to the kitchen and poured them both a drink. The counters were stacked with boards so she could work over her bosom. In her living room, she took the couch, while Chelsea snuggled into the single chair, specifically there for guests.

“How have you been?” Marissa asked.

“Same old, same old. Work is dull, tits get in the way, tits also get me laid, like, everyday. And you?”

“Same old,” Marissa parroted with a glance to her workplace, tucked into a corner on a neat speciality desk, made to support her bust, “Just waiting for a new game to come out really.”

“What one?”

“It’s, uh… that one Gwen made,” Marissa whispered.

“Oh,” Chelsea smirked, “You could meet her in person you know. There’s an event going on in a few days.”

“I heard and I’ll pass. Everyone will just grope me if I go.”

“Oh no, the horror,” Chelsea said, monotone.

It was to Marissa. She’d never liked her body, from the second it blossomed earlier than the others and just kept going, outshining almost anyone she met, to now with all the unwanted attention it got. Far as society was concerned, anyone with a body like hers must want to get fucked 24/7. Relentless flirts, sneaky feelers, and outright offers for sex plagued her outings. Better to stay home wherever possible.

“We’re going out though, right?” Chelsea asked. That was the reason for her visit; she wanted to try out Autus. From the front, she seemed ‘perfect’ by most standards, but the visage was let down by her disappointing hips and rear. On anyone else, with a set of boobs a few sizes smaller, she’d be happy, but as it was, her ass had barely a fraction of her boobs’ majesty.

“Do you really need me though?” Marissa asked.

“Come on, give it a try. You’re always gawking at people bigger than you. You’re staring at my boobs right now. And don’t think I haven’t seen the terabytes of Gwen porn you’ve bought. Maybe you just want to be really, really big.”

“But I hate being big.”

“You hate being *that* big. Besides, you can always get reduced if you really don’t like it,” Chelsea said, “And it’ll be fun to grow together.”

“Alright! Fine, but I’m not paying for mine.”

“I’ll pay half, but you have to use it. If not on yourself, then give it to me,” Chelsea said with a wink.

“Whatever, let’s just do this,” Marissa groaned.

The Autus store was a small place. Ironic, given what it excelled in. Two tiers of product lined the shelves; the average, and the extraordinary. Holographic projections displayed Gwen, the first tester for Autus and its biggest supporter, in every sense, at half her actual size. They wouldn’t fit in the building otherwise.

“You’re drooling,” Chelsea said, snapping her from a trance.

“Shit,” she had been drooling, “Sorry, what were you saying?”

“Nothing, just enjoying the show.”

“What show?” Marissa frowned, then followed her friend’s gesture; her nipples had swollen and, though unseen, her pussy was soaked. Her cheeks turned a darker shade than Chelsea’s burgundy hair.

“Relax, everyone gets horny looking at her. Now come on, I wanna know which one you want.”

“Oh god, this is gonna be a disaster,” Marissa sighed and reluctantly walked away from the holographic Gwen. Something about the redhead captivated her. It couldn’t be her endowments, as Marissa was the black sheep that decried size as a trend. Maybe her personality? She was cheerful in her movies and a dangerous seductress when needed.

“Hmm, I’ll get this one. Think that’s alright? It says medium, but I’m guessing it’ll make me pretty booty-licious.”

“Uh huh,” Marissa said, hearing the words but still mulling over her attraction to Gwen, the physically biggest pornstar in history, and for the foreseeable future too.

“Don’t know what’ll help you out. Ooh, try the variety pack. It’s all random, so you could get fucking enormous,” Chelsea giggled and held up the package. It was just a seemingly normal bottle of pills with the Autus logo plastered on it.

“Sounds great.”

“I know you’re not even listening, but fuck it. You’ll just whine otherwise. Plus it could be a stupid good deal.”

“Yep.”

“Let’s go pay,” Chelsea said, grabbing her by the arm and pulling her back to the room. It wasn’t until after paying that Marissa noticed what she’d half-paid for. It was one thing to knowingly grow her body, but now she had a fucking variety pack. Autus wasn’t just growth, it was augmentations. People with double cocks, six boobs and four arms were all their handiwork.

“What did I agree to?” Marissa groaned once they were back home, the bottle staring at her from the coffee table. Surely she couldn’t take anything from there? Best case, she got bigger and hated her figure even more. At worst, however, she could wind up with four legs and a cock bigger than her house. Just like that movie Gwen did where that plain girl took some Autus and turned into a futa with six cocktails, like a perverted kitsune.

Perhaps she’d become another Gwen. According to her biopic, she’d started out tiny and grew into a behemoth of a futa. Marissa sighed and rubbed at her eyes, wondering if she needed more sleep. To consider growing that big, into someone whose breasts dwarfed people’s entire bodies, with an ass that no couch seated, and a dick made to turn someone into a living condom. Her life was already torture enough.

Chelsea was bouncing in the chair beside her. She’d taken her first dose Autus in the car, too excited by the prospect of a big ass, while Marissa tried ignoring the existence of hers, though her eyes kept straying from the road. Now her gut churned from the weight on her lap. Though the package was light, just plastic with a series of random Autus pills inside, it crushed her.

“It’ll be alright. Worst case, you’re a little bigger,” Chelsea assured her.

“You got the variety pack,” Marissa grumbled, “Who knows what’s inside?”

“Want me to pick them out for you?” Chelsea asked and took the package at her nod. Each dose of Autus was meant to be one to three pills, depending on the desired growth, four could lead to augmented results; inches if lucky. The three were all the same in appearance, no bigger than a tic tac and the same colour. She bit her lip, contemplating how best to convince herself to toss them aside, before she gulped them down.

“That a girl,” Chelsea said.

“What now?” Marissa asked, grimacing at what she’d done. Of all the crazy things she could’ve done, it had to be this. No, taking them didn’t matter. She just couldn’t return it and get her money back, but so long as she didn’t ingest any cum, Autus wouldn’t trigger any growth. How would she get cum anyway? Chelsea would be busy finding some for her own dose.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Chelsea chuckled and removed her shirt, already at work on her titanic bra. Her cock, overshadowed by her tits, strained the pants holding it prisoner. The anxiety seemed to drift away as Marissa watched.

They’d been casual lovers for years. Chelsea was an intoxicating partner, so enamoured by Marissa’s curves that it almost made her forgot how she detested them, while also driving her to orgasm upon orgasm. She sniffed the air, caught the potency stirring less than a foot away, and gasped at the abrupt heat between her legs. Usually Gwen was the only thing that turned her on that fast and never so strongly.

She looked up and saw her face mirrored by Chelsea. Flushed cheeks, parted lips with quick breaths, and eyes looked to the others crotches. There was cum in Chelsea’s. Cum she needed for Autus to take hold. Cum that would taste and feel amazing sliding over her tongue and down her throat. Cum that… oh, fuck it, she thought and all but leaped at her best friend. Their tongues were at each other’s throats, loins grinding together, and shambling to the bedroom.

“I don’t know what came over me,” Marissa said, straddling Chelsea’s with a womb full to bursting with semen. The futa moaned her agreement, tongue deep inside as it shovelled out thick dollops of her seed. She reached up and squeezed on Marissa’s bloated middle to force a gush, which she swallowed with just a small leak. Sex was incredible on normal days, but the past few hours were like possession. Their bodies moved in tandem, autonomous from their minds.

“Guess it was the Autus, right?” Chelsea said once her mouth was free and her stomach full. Both had a cute paunch now, “Wonder how long it’ll take?”

“Who knows?” Marissa shrugged, too relaxed after a dozen orgasms to care about her actions. Her sole concern was the nagging desire for more, like milking her friend for gallons of cum somehow wasn’t enough. In her dazed state, she turned on her side to spoon against Marissa, and reached down to cup her heavy balls. Some days were like that moment. It happened for everyone; where they just couldn’t get enough pleasure.

That didn’t mean the Autus was already meddling with their systems, did it? Marissa pushed closer, her breasts squished against Chelsea’s arm and chest, pecked at her neck to coax her to look down and kissing her when she did. It deepened in seconds, tongues entwined, while Chelsea reached down to all but crush Marissa’s ass in her hands. The girl groaned into her lips, arched into the hold, and did the same to Chelsea’s cock. Chelsea guided her back on top, their sexes throbbing against each other.

“It’s getting late,” Chelsea said even as her tip glided back in, “I should…” A fierce kiss hushed her, followed by the firm, wet clap of their crotches. A mixture of fem-cum and semen still clung to them, caused their bodies to stick even as Marissa lifted herself for another sloppy penetration.

“Don’t worry about it. Spend the night,” Marissa said and grabbed her friend’s hands, only to smack them against her ass. Chelsea guided her, pushing and pulling while massaging each fat cheek. The sun gave out before them, and the moon too, dawn encroaching minutes after they passed out. Marissa awoke at noon to an empty bed and a text from Chelsea.

*Had to go to work. See you soon.*

That was the perk of working from home. If she slept in, she just worked late. Easier said than done, however, as her body struggled with the exhaustion of a sex marathon. Just push through, she thought, having dealt with similar fatigue before. Work proved duller than ever, but in the worst way. Her muscles, even her bones, longed for another hour or two in bed with some carbs and a movie, yet being a research assistant kept her just busy enough that she couldn’t afford such a long break. She had no interviews lined up, only checking through reports and correlating date.

Without eyes on her, she had one simple way to relax. Marissa kept one hand on her desk, bouncing between keyboard and mouse, while she idly fiddled with her breast. A soft moan breezed past her lips as she rubbed the nipple. Her tits were large even for the modern era and her nerves were normally more spread out, yet they seemed to coalesce wherever her fingers touched. More skin met her fingers as she groped, hungry for pleasure.

“This is… nice,” Marissa breathed, attention straying from her work to her chest. While she’d enjoyed playing with her tits before, the weight and sheer size of them irked her, yet now she couldn’t get enough. Like they needed to be bigger to satisfy her. Maybe they would be if the Autus worked.

Desire fluttered in her stomach. Did she want that? Marissa had spent most her life cursing how early she developed and the attention it wrought. If anything, she should want them smaller. The thought came up more than once a day, usually when outside, but she never pursued it. She shook her head to clear such thoughts; better to enjoy herself for long as possible, at least until the strange feelings subsided.

Then something pulsed inside her. She hunched over, clutched at her stomach, now flatter than it ever was. The cum had gone, worked through her system, which meant Autus was taking effect. Dread replaced the pulse. She shouldn’t have done it. What the hell made her let Chelsea talk her into taking that damn shit?

Oh, but the feeling was nice. As fear dissipated and an unwarranted heat stepped in, her hands groped her chest once more, feeling her heartbeat through the mass. Marissa pulled her shirt off, panting from the warmth. Blue mazes ran across her breasts, the nipples twitching at their apex, while her pants sweltered from her pussy. Soft moans escaped her as the warmth surged.

Marissa didn’t stifle her sounds either. She lived alone, why would she? Her shirt, already taut against her bust, tightened and was lifted away from her middle, turned into little more than a titty-skirt. They kept growing, nipples engorging to keep her trapped in the garment, while the bottoms of her breasts expanded past it. With every centimetre, the shirt dug deeper. Threads snapped one by one.

More and more until too many broke. Marissa yelped as her breasts slammed into her lap, though some of their weight crashed into her desk, knocking her mouse to the floor. She pushed an entire foot back before her desk was clear. The growth slowed down after that, tiny additions onto her enormous bust that she missed until they poured off her lap and tried pulling her to the floor. They might have, if she wasn’t stuck in her chair.

She wriggled to try and relieve the strain on her back. Nothing worked. Marissa frowned as the sides dug into her hips, pinching and trapping her. Even as her breasts continued their descent to the floor, nipples leading the charge, her ass ballooned. Despite that, her pussy demanded attention. She tried pushing a hand into her pants, but they were too tight around her now, forcing her to rub aggressively at her crotch. Not enough.

Her tits reached the floor, rather her nipples did. Far as she could see, there was still several inches before she reached that milestone. Even at such immensity, her nipples shouldn’t be that huge. Or sensitive. Marissa squirmed, rubbing them against the ground, and gasped at the pleasure. Her pants dampened with her juices, as if crying at her to pleasure herself.

“Gotta… get… free…” Marissa grunted and shoved against her armrests, but her hips were much too wide. They squished between whatever holes were available, trying to devour the furniture. Instead of tugging herself free, the rests snapped from the pressure, finally allowing her to fall atop her life-defining breasts. Her ass was a counter weight, however, and pulled atop it instead.

“This is horrible,” Marissa said, then yelled, as her pants exploded into tatters, “I liked those!” Heedless of her disdain for the growth, her body demanded pleasure. Even as she grimaced at her breasts engulfed more of her vision, she crammed both hands between them, shoving titty flesh aside to reach her pussy. Oh, fuck no…

Her pussy was swollen. By itself, that wasn’t a concern. A bigger cunt meant more to love and masturbation was her go to stress relief, but the top had progressed beyond the rest. She’d watched enough Autus porn with Gwen involved to know what that meant; she was growing a cock. How big? How many? Balls or not? She wouldn’t know until the drug had its way.

For perhaps hours, she was stuck there. Marissa considered moving, but any attempt sent ripples through her lavish curves, which all but immobilised her in the pleasure it caused. If she tensed her legs, her pussy did the same, the walls sliding together as she gushed juices. Her cock grew into a disappointing existence at no bigger than her hand with balls the size of grapes. Compared to average members, it was small, but when she thought of Gwen, it seemed atomic.

It finally ended. She fell back, breasts pouring across the floor, and stared at the ceiling, envisioning a mirror of her face, judging her for making such a stupid mistake. Chelsea could have all the curves she wanted; the futa *liked* the attention it got her, but Marissa just wanted to be average. No one would bother her if she was. Now look at her!

The growth had shredded her clothes. She couldn’t move much, if at all, with her tits and ass so enormous. Fuck, how big was she? Marissa’s bras were O cups, though they’d gotten tighter since she last got measured, and she’d apparently doubled in just hours. Where did that put her? Z+4 cup? She chuckled at the idea.

“Ridiculous. What about my ass?” She rubbed at it, finding whole fields of skin to explore, and more laughter slipping out, “Gotta be like… a hundred inches. Fuck, I’m an idiot.” The fact her new dick was tiny was almost insulting. If she was gonna be big, then why wasn’t everything huge? Like Gwen. She sighed and pinched her brow, then noticed her coffee table, where she’d left the variety bottle. After going so far, she’d need reductions just to live normally.

“Why not?” Marissa felt around the tabletop for the bottle and got it. That nagging sense of wrong was absent, like it understood her reasoning. Worst case, she got to be giant, perhaps a new appreciation for being her normal size, and, who knows, maybe she’d like it? Unlikely, but she could hope. Popping the lid off, she poured out a handful and crammed them down her gullet. She wasn’t insane - taking everything could result in absurdities the likes of which few even imagined.

Now all she could do was lay there, stuck under mountains of boob atop a hill of ass, and wait for Chelsea to come by with all that cum. Cum… Semen… Jizz… Splooge… Dick-cream. Each description pulsed deep inside her, that familiar urge from yesterday screaming at her to get some more. But there was none. Chelsea would be at work for who knew how long and, although Marissa had grown her own prick, there was no chance she’d reach it. Her nipples throbbed at her.

“Don’t tell me,” she groaned and wrenched her arms free, pulling at her enormous tit so she could see the front. There, stone-like and the same deep, pink as her original teats, was a cock. Not huge by any means, only a bit larger than her properly placed member, but girthy with balls plump as Chelsea’s apple-sized ones. A sweet aroma hooked into her sinuses and pulled her closer.

If she angled it right, the tip pressed against her lips. If she couldn’t get Chelsea’s seed, then what was a newly turned futa to do, but get it from herself? Marissa opened wide and swallowed the tip, moaning softly at the sweet, musky flavour. It twitched and leaked pre over her tongue, overjoyed to be somewhere hot and moist. She swirled her tongue around the glans as she would for Chelsea and wriggled into the foreskin to dig up the stronger flavours. As her muscle explored, she sank deeper onto her cock and into her depravity.

The sensations mixed and churned inside her. The feel of a hard cock in her mouth, the flavour of it, were all but drowned out by the pleasure of having her own prick sucked. A lurid tingle passed down her spine at the thought that she was sucking herself, one that echoed through her pussy. Her thighs ground together, rubbing at her chubby folds and new cock.

She groped at her breasts in mindless abandon. They’d grown big enough for her to hug them like full body pillows, only softer and warmer and smoother than any she’d used before. Like small waterbeds. Marissa hummed around her dick-nipple, other hand questing for its sibling, then moaned as pleasure pulsed to life. Her eyes blew open in shock as shot after shot filled her mouth. She swallowed quickly, each spurt coating her throat in a fresh, sticky coating.

As she pulled away, her nipple had gone limp. The amount, though not as potent as Chelsea’s, was significant enough for Marissa to feel bloated. Even so, she released that breast from her stranglehold, and moved to the other one. As she sucked, licked and swallowed another load of her breast-cum, the other cock resurged. She didn’t think twice and went to work on that one again.

“Hey, Marissa! You won’t be believe… Huh, or maybe you will,” Chelsea said, coming to a stop in the doorway, gawking at the sight of her friend, on the floor, and sucking on a pair of dick-nipples with a cum gut bigger than the average pregnancy. It wasn’t the display that stopped her, that would be her new ass, now wedged in the door. After a little struggling, she freed herself with a comical pop.

“Chelsea? Oh thank god,” Marissa said and, with a strength not possessed earlier, she tackled the new arrival down, naked crotch slobbering all over Chelsea’s torn up pants, “Fuck me. Like now.” Chelsea shrugged and ruined the remainder of her clothes, erection leaping to the occasion.

When the frenzy ended, Marissa wasn’t sure what day she woke up to. She was atop Chelsea, who lightly snored, despite her morning wood still buried inside Marissa. Congealed semen filled every crevice in her pussy, and her womb. Her gut stuck at least two, no three feet ahead of her, sticking out past her tits. With a delighted and woozy groan, Marissa freed herself and fell onto her back, bed creaking from the weight.

“What did I take last night?” Marissa asked the ceiling, then remembered taking more Autus. Big mistake. What if she took the big stuff? She didn’t have the money or support Gwen did. If she got that massive, then she’d be on the streets. Or at least put to work in porn, where people would absolutely make a big deal of her curves every day and night. She’d be the centre of attention.

“I know that look,” Chelsea said, head appearing in periphery, “Don’t worry. Worst comes to worst, we’ll move into a nice, big place together.”

“Hmm,” Marissa closed her eyes to shut out the view of her giant middle, before they burst open at the ominous rumbling emanating from it, “Oh fuck.”

Aside from the rumbles, there was no more warning. Marissa looked and her gut shrank before her eyes, turning into a plane invisible past her tits and erections.

“God, you must’ve got some muscle enhancers,” Chelsea said and guided the growing girl’s hand to her stomach, where a rock hard six-pack had sprouted. Similar developments occurred across her body, thickening and hardening her arms and legs, which extended, “And some height boosters too. Wait, let me just… got it!”

Chelsea fiddled with her phone and set it up to project the camera footage to the ceiling. From it, Marissa beheld everything that happened to her body, from the subtler changes of bumps rising across her areolae, to the swell of her nipple rising around her cocks like fat pink sheaths. Her tits bulged awkwardly, before a second shaft burst forth in a spray of cum-milk.

The double bed was only 6’6’’ long and her feet had extended far beyond that. She stretched her feet and brushed the floor. A second later, and she was flat against it, while her head pressed into the wall. She grunted as her bones and joints creaked, working to suit her new, eight-foot build. Chelsea was at her side through every second, appearing so small by comparison.

Marissa envied her smaller body, but the thought died soon after her breasts gurgled and ballooned. It wasn’t the gradual expansion like yesterday, but resembled someone pumping her full of, well, whatever now comprised her boobs. From the sloshing sound, it was either cum or milk, with a small mixture of fat thrown in to keep the balance. They spread across her enlarged torso, firm enough to hold their shape, even as they poured off her ribs and abs. Chelsea scrambled over them to lay between the huge masses.

Then Marissa rose from the bed. She didn’t sit or push herself up, it was her ass lifting them. A flawless mix of muscle and fat built it, her hips creaked to better support the enormity, while raising higher. Gravity pushed her cock over to slap against her steel stomach, before it followed the trend to shove against Chelsea. All Marissa could do was stare at the footage playing on the ceiling and try not to admit how it made her heart race.

Her tits kept going and, keeping pace, her dick-nipples grew into monsters all their own. All four of them. No, six, she corrected as a third cock announced its birth with a rain of jizz. They must’ve been eighteen inches, racing toward twenty, each. Then Chelsea’s giggle turned her focus onto the main prick, which blotted Chelsea from view. In moments, Marissa was forced to lean around her cock as it burgeoned. Gnarled veins throbbed across its from, the central one thick as her new beefy leg. The cock itself had to be four or five feet. And still growing.

Both futanari yelped as the bed gave out. Marissa grunted as her testicles bounced against the mattress, creating a deafening thud despite the padding. She fixed her gaze on the pair… pairs, she corrected herself. There were pairs of balls bellowing out from beneath her cock. At first, she thought there were just two sets, then she spotted the shapes of more. At least four sets.

Seven dicks between her tits and crotch. Each dick-nipple had its own sack, leaving her members hopelessly outnumber. Seven cock to twenty balls. A shiver passed at the thought of her orgasms, which turned into a moan as Chelsea wrapped her body around the now six-foot cock, grinding herself against it.

“Not gonna lie,” Chelsea said between licks and kisses, “I’ve always wanted to give someone a body-job.”

“What becoming a sandwich?” Marissa asked.

“What?” Chelsea’s further inquiries died as she felt a second prick rising alongside the first, “Holy fuck, how much did you take?”

“I didn’t count. I’m probably not done,” Marissa said, hands travelling across her surprisingly supple form, despite the dense muscles. A moan slipped out as she grabbed a bouquet of now two-foot dick-nipples.

“Sounds like you’re having fun,” Chelsea said.

“It’s, hmm, hard not,” Marissa sighed, the sensation growth refreshed, “Look at me. I’m so big. Not like Gwen, but I’m huge. And look at you; so small compared to me.”

“Guess I was right. You just wanted to be bigger,” Chelsea giggled and manoeuvred between the two Hyper cocks, hot-dogging one, while she ground her dick and pussy against the other, while looking up at her friend’s face.

“Think you’re stretchy enough to handle one?” Marissa asked.

“Don’t know, but I’m gonna try!”

When Autus ran its course through Marissa’s system, she measured as a certified Hyper and Macro, albeit she was small on the latter’s scale. At 8’6’’, with eight cocks, twenty balls, and curves bigger than any regular furniture, she was entitled to a new government scheme for assisting people in her situation. The best part; she could have roommates, no matter her size. It was obviously Chelsea.

Her physical stature wasn’t the only development. Marissa enjoyed her body now, which bolstered her confidence and led to a second, life changing decision; she asked Chelsea out. That was a few months ago. Now they were on Marissa’s Macro-sized couch, the smaller futa nestled snugly between the Hyper tits, watching Gwen’s latest movie. It, like all those before, brought her pants to their knees as her cocks strained for freedom. At the end, however, a third life-changer popped up.

*Looking for contestants in a HUGE contest. Winner will test a new line of Autus LIVE with Gwen. Of course, sex will be involved. Call or text the number below for more details.*

“Think you’ll win?” Chelsea asked as Marissa’s pants were shredded. She wriggled down to straddle one cock, pussy all but slurping on it.

“I’ll do whatever the fuck it takes,” Marissa said.

“Well… you never did finish that variety pack.”

“Say no more!”